

THE PUBLIC FORUM

THANKS FOR THE HAT.—I write this to thank you for the beautiful Easter hat which was awarded me by your judges in the hat drawing contest. I was most agreeably surprised to get the hat without any "red tape" or other complicated doings. I consider myself very fortunate, as I am told some 2,000 or more contested. Also I am much indebted to your Mr. Shields for his counteous help and advice in selecting. We have taken The Day Book in our home since its beginning, the only objection to it being the rivalry each evening for first chance at it. Hope you and your paper prosper. Yours respectfully.—Miss Irene McCoy, 2713 W. Madison.

THE UNDERWORLD.—This undoubtedly will be an unusual contribution to your many efforts on the vice situation, here, in our "not-so-bad" community.

To get to the point, I, myself, am pleading guilty to being a habitue of the underworld. Quite a few years ago I was the habitual user of several narcotics. Old "John Barleycorn," however, always held the ace. It was during this tempting period of my career that I chanced to become acquainted with a woman of the old redlight district. She was a harlot, whose interest in me, I'm forced to believe, was from the standpoint of the Good Samaritan.

She nursed, sheltered and succored me, as if I were an innocent babe. At that time this "terrible" creature of the underworld "hustled" night and day to provide funds upon which we both subsisted.

To have accepted those monetary favors from a woman of her social standing surely puts me in the class of the pimp, cadet, secretary or how-ever society choses to elect me.

When I finally became normal through the thousand kindnesses of this fallen woman I tried, and did, show the stuff that was in me. We

are still together, and I pride myself that she no longer bears the brunt of the battle. At the proper time I shall lead her to the altar and proclaim her as mine. Not to show the knockers of her class, but show her and this wide world that women who have fallen can make a man the most ardent and faithful lifelong companion.—M. E. J.

TWO ITEMS.—Among the want ads and the other criminal news of the day I note that Pullman porters are paid \$27.50 a month, and that it costs \$19,000 per year to maintain the minor children of a deceased millionaire. Also that at Washington, D. C., a former millionaire blew his brains out because of business reverses.

Superficial thinkers will see no connection between these items. They may wonder why Pullman porters would be so cheap and millionaire's children so expensive. They may wonder why a millionaire should fail, not considering that in present times a mere millionaire is classed with the deserving poor and not entitled to move in high society. We may dismiss the Pullman porter and the millionaire's children from our minds, but when millionaires cannot maintain themselves in comfort, and resort to suicide, an inquiry is in order.

Short letters being The Day Book's rule, there is only room to say there is no refuge for anybody on earth except in monopoly, and that monopoly must be a big one and well anchored in the ownership of the earth. Little monopolies of all kinds are constantly being absorbed by the big ones.

Monopolies not anchored in the earth are short-lived. Safety demands that either the creation of an all embracing monopoly that will care for us all or the abolition of all monopolies.

The abolition route is graphically described in "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, which may be ob-